

# The Evening World

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## The Man Higher Up.

.... By Martin Green ....

"Any Time a Man Kisses a Woman He Does It Because He Has Been Given a Cue."

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that a Justice of the Peace in Trenton, N. J., has decided that kissing is neither crime, misdemeanor, assault nor battery." "Most learned Judge!" ejaculated The Man Higher Up. "I can see his finish. It is the Supreme Court. His judicial mind has encompassed the principle that it takes two to make a kiss, the same as it takes two to make a quarrel. To accomplish a kiss there must necessarily be complicity between the kisser and the kissee. This amounts to a conspiracy, and it would be unjust to punish one conspirator and allow the other to beat it."

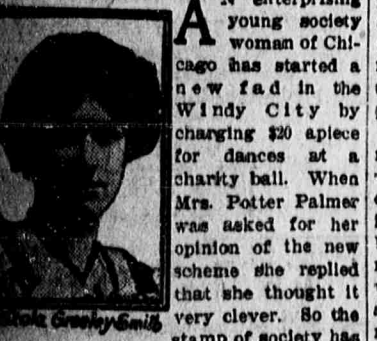
Inscribed on the blotter in a police station. "From the testimony adduced in the Trenton case, it appears that the recipient of the kisses was enjoying them as heartily as was the presenter thereof. Enter a suspicious husband, who leaps upon the aforesaid presenter, and after chastising him severely yanks him before the Judge and tries to make out that the kisses constituted, virtually, an attack. This would be a bum world, indeed, if such a rule should apply. Besides, there was another consideration which the Judge did not fail to take into account."

"What was that?" asked The Cigar Store Man. "The name of the accused was Michael Tobasco," answered The Man Higher Up.

**A Poet's Breakfast.** It was at one time arranged that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his brother William and Swinburne and George Meredith, should live together in a certain house. Meredith happened to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti at breakfast and changed his plans. Meredith himself tells the story: "It was just noon," he says. "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table, on a huge dish, rested five thick slices of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." That meal was too much for Meredith—and he sacrificed three months' rent rather than see it repeated.

## Dancing at Cut Rates.

By Nizola Greeley-Smith.



AN enterprising young society woman of Chicago has started a new fad in the Windy City by charging \$20 apiece for dances at a shanty ball. When Mrs. Potter Palmer was asked for her opinion of the new scheme she replied that she thought it very clever. So the stamp of society has already been placed upon the innovation. To be sure, this is not the first time that dances have had a price put on them. A simple little pas seul executed by the daughter of Herodias cost John the Baptist his head. And then the man who paid for the dance—the referee—was to Herod and not to the Evangelist. Had merely the pleasure of looking on. If the waltz had been invented in his day the enterprising King of Sheva would have given the heads of a thousand men for the privilege of participating in it. In view of these circumstances \$20 seems a modest price. But alas for the commercial spirit of these, our times! At the very ball at which one Chicago girl announced the modest rate of one dollar for one yellow-back, another cut her rate to \$10 and raked in \$120 against her rival's \$200—in other words, beat her by twelve dances to ten, although she started much later and had a limited time in which to catch up. This would, indeed, be a money-making scheme if the young women in Chicago and elsewhere would only get together and fix up a schedule of uniform dance rates to be posted in all cases directly opposite the numbers on the dance card so that before signing his name the young man could ascertain in just what sum he was to be mulcted. But here again the feminine lack of cohesion in matters of this kind intervenes to spoil what would otherwise be a distinct "snep." For it might hap-

pen that what would be termed the aristocrats of Terephore, those who asked a double eagle per dance, would find themselves on the same floor with miserable scabs retailing waiters and polkas at \$1 or even 50 cents apiece. To be sure, a dance with some girls might be worth more than a dance with others. But this fact, of course, could not be taken into consideration in the formation of the Dancers' Union. And the most radiant ballroom vision and the veriest wallflower would have to bind themselves to the same uniform rate. But alas, can the mind's eye picture the vision declining to wait until the wallflower had been provided with a partner or going on a strike because the latter was left to languish alone? There is another drawback to this glittering scheme, however. I don't know how it is in Chicago, but in New York dancing men are at a premium and the young woman who presented a bill for one waltz, \$20, might be met with a counterclaim of \$100 or so. And the balance of the market would be on the young men's side. For since price is governed by the law of supply and demand, and the dancing man is so scarce as to be obsolescent, he would be justified in asking almost any amount. And he could get it, too.

## Jap. Agony Column.

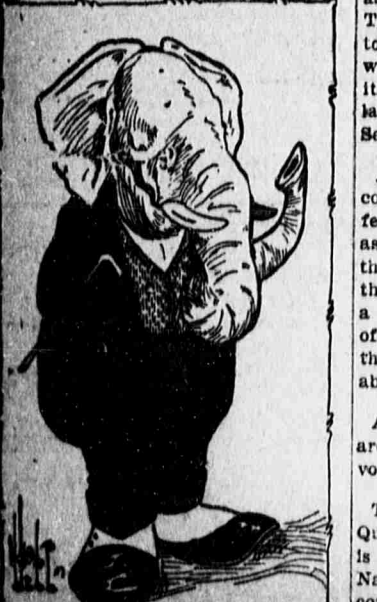
A Japanese newspaper recently found space for the following extraordinary matrimonial advertisement: "I am a very pretty girl. My hair is as wavy as a cloud. My complexion has the brilliancy and softness of a flower. My expression is as mobile as the leaf of the weeping willow. My brown eyes are like two crescents of the moon. I have enough worldly goods to pass happily through life with my husband, hand in hand, gazing at the flowers by day and the moon by night. "If this should meet the eye of a man who is intelligent, amiable, and of good address, I will be his for life and repose with him later in a tomb of red marble."

## Some Odd Facts.

ABOUT ten thousand gross of pins are produced from a ton of steel. An age-worn, battered Bible, said to have belonged to William Shakespeare, was sold in England recently for \$1,000. Twenty thousand dollars to establish a home for drunkards' wives in Iowa is one of the bequests of the late James Callahan, of Des Moines, a philanthro-

plast, and in his latter years an earnest advocate of temperance. In Sweden and Norway are several homes for spinsters. One of these, at least, is as attractive as it is unique. It is the monument to an exceedingly wealthy old man, who, dying more than two hundred years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A use has been found for American rats outside of the faded employment as forming an ingredient for chop suey. They are being used by the Japanese to keep their ears and noses warm while they are fighting Russians. Only its hide is pressed into service, and a large number of these hides come from Seattle.

## A Good Lifter.



MY WIFE'S A KLEPTOMANIAC. SHE'S DETECTED. SHE'S IN DEPARTMENT STORES. THEY HAVE HER TRUNK IN THE LOCKER.

A Louisville paper states that there are two divorced women for every divorced man in Kentucky.

The first directory dates from 1586, Queen Elizabeth's reign. A copy of it is in the British Museum, entitled "The Names of All Such Gentlemen of Accomplish as Were Residing Within the City of London."

The profit from a single whale that is captured is very large. One about fifty-nine feet long weighs 100,000 pounds and will give 60,000 pounds of blubber, from which 4,000 pounds of train oil can be made and 5,000 pounds of bonebone.

# On The Public's Service

The Evening World Will Print Here Every Day  
an Editorial on Some Important Popular Need

## Water Everywhere, but None for New York.



A CAMEL can go a long time without water. That quality makes it pre-eminently fitted to be a beast of burden in a desert where the wells are far apart. A horse must drink more often. A sheep can quench its thirst on the early morning dew; birds, too, can live by sipping the moisture from the leaves and blades of grass. Men use water not only to quench their thirst, but to bathe, to cook, to fill boilers, to wash clothes, to sprinkle streets and to put out fires. It is more than a necessity; it is Life. Years ago the City of New York had to go to Westchester and Putnam counties for water and Brooklyn had to lay pipes out on Long Island. They paid for this water tens of millions of dollars, exorbitant prices, but they had to have it.

First the eastern end of Long Island went to the Legislature at Albany and had a bill passed prohibiting Brooklyn from getting water there. Then Dutchess County had the Legislature pass another bill prohibiting New York from getting water there. Now Westchester County has a bill to prevent New York getting water there and to repeal the existing laws under which New York, at enormous price, has been buying Westchester farms and streams. What does it all mean? Ramapo?

The people of New York cannot now get gas or electric light or ride on the bridges their taxes built without paying some corporation for the privilege. Air and water are the only two things left.

Why did the members of the Legislature from New York and Brooklyn allow such bills to become laws? Ramapo again!

The alternative to Ramapo is for New Yorkers meekly to become a breed of human camels or to have laws passed for them and not for their exploiters.

## Sprinty, the A. D. T. Boy, Tries Skis.

It Was a Large Contract and Sprinty Would Have Been Lost to the World Had It Not Been for His Dog.



# Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

.... By Roy McCardell ....



Roy L. McCardell

"DON'T ever expect me to speak to that Mrs. Terwilliger again, Mr. Nagg! Don't ever expect me to speak to her." "I have told you a thousand times that she was a despicable, spiteful, untruthful trouble-maker!" I never wanted to have anything to do with her. I was always suspicious of her and I never made any bones about it. "Just last week I told Mr. Smig how she talked about him and the Flynn girls. She has tried to make trouble between Mrs. Stryver and myself, and look how she has treated Mrs. Dubb!" "Mrs. Dubb is good enough for her to go borrow from. She borrows Mrs. Dubb's opera cloak and yet the way she talked about that poor woman was something awful. I have warned everybody I know against Susan Terwilliger. I knew just what sort of woman she was ever since she moved into this neighborhood. I always stood up for her and yet if you could have heard what she said to me at the meeting of the Ladies' Peace Congress—" "Of course there is always a fight at the Ladies' Peace Congress. Mrs. Stryver wants to be president and Mrs. Terwilliger is trying to hold the place. Now all I did was to promise Mrs. Stryver to vote for her when I had told Mrs. Terwilliger that under no circumstances would I vote for any one else. But Mrs. Stryver took me to Mattland's and was just perfectly lovely, and I promised to vote for her." "Then, when we got to the Ladies' Peace Congress there was the awful row, and Susan Terwilliger called me a two-faced cat. Oh, Mr. Nagg, I always warned you about that woman. I always told you that you would find her out some day." "I never said anything of the kind, you say?" "Oh, of course! Stick up for that woman!" "And when Susan Terwilliger fights me like a wildcat at the Ladies' Peace Congress you take her part and tell me it serves me right. You didn't say that? Well, you might as well. You were so indifferent about it that you hurt me more than I can say." "Don't try to kiss me, Mr. Nagg. You can't abuse me one moment and then expect to call me to you as if I were a spaniel the next. Go to your Susan Terwilliger! I can see through your game. You only pretended you disliked her just as a blind for me. Oh, I know you pretend you love me, but I read the papers; I see how men act. You come home every night, you say, but where were you Wednesday evening till nearly 9 o'clock, when you telephoned me from the office?" "I know what you are going to say. You are going to deny it. Oh, Mr. Nagg, never mind, there is no use to discuss it. I want the matter dropped. Please don't let us say a word more about it." "Oh, very well, Mr. Nagg. If you choose to stand there without saying a word while I have been trying to talk with you for an hour; oh, very well. "Now, I have a raging headache, and it is all your fault. And I don't care what you say, I will never forgive Susan Terwilliger, never!" "The telephone is ringing? Who is it? Is that you, Susan, dear? Of course I am not angry, Susan, love! Certainly we won't let that horrid old Mrs. Stryver make trouble between us. I was just saying to Mr. Nagg—what are you grinning at, Mr. Nagg? Oh, of course I am only a butt for your jokes." "Oh, Susan, dear, this man is breaking my poor heart!"

## Wooden Goggles.



The sailors of the Discovery on their Antarctic expedition made wooden spectacles like this to shield their eyes from the blinding glare of the sun on the snow.

## Women Whist Players.

By Alice Rohe.

"O H, what's the use?" growled the Pessimist. "The use of what?" inquired the Amateur Philosopher. "Of living," snapped the Pessimist. "I could stand it if it wasn't for the women." "What new thing has happened to enrage you?" asked the Philosopher. "My wife has got the social bug," snarled the Pessimist. "It's whist and euchre parties and pink teas till you can't rest. I wouldn't mind that, but now she's joined an evening whist club and insists on dragging me along." "Well, you like to play cards, I don't see what kick you've got coming." "That's just the trouble. I do like to play whist. Did you ever try to figure out a nice little scientific game in a gang of women? Oh, it's lovely." "This bunch that met at our house last night was called the 'Harlem Ladies' Scientific Whist Club,' and they all wear badges in the shape of spades with the initials of the club enameled in gold on a pale blue background." "The club didn't start to holding nightly meetings until this week because half of the original members were put out of business owing to a friendly discussion as to whether clubs or spades should be trumps. Then two more left because they favored green enamel on the pins instead of pale blue." "But last night it was all grand except when they came to serve refreshments. It was one of those progressive people progress till we were weak with hunger trying to get four people at tables where the women were on appealing terms. Strained relations still exist in the club owing to various social questions." "It's grand, this feminine quality of gentle friendship. Why, the way we were kept on a chase through those rooms was enough to wear out a race horse." "My wife nearly had nervous prostration, for just as she thought every-

## Not on the Wagon.



"As de poet says, 'Let well enough alone.' "Well, I guess I'll let dat well alone enough, all right."

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial

### Facts About the Fishes.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

The scientists tell us that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all!

This seems a long time to STAY AWAKE.

But there are advantages. If you do not sleep you NEED NOT go to bed. If you do not go to bed you do not have to GO HOME until morning.

This would be fine. Perhaps then you could drink like a fish WITHOUT DAMAGE!

The only bed a fish has is the bed of the stream!

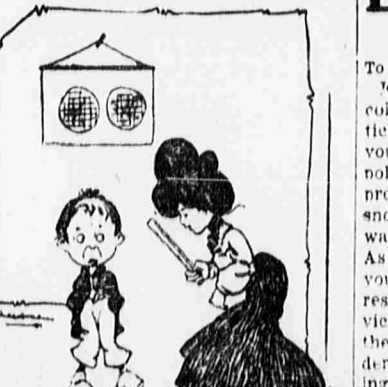
Why should a cold-blooded organism like a fish have so many advantages over man?

It does NOT have to learn to swim; it is weighed in its own scales and measures its drinks in its own gills!

The carp lives to be two hundred years old and is NOT FIT TO EAT. It sticks in the mud half of the time.

Do not STICK in the MUD. Better be slick and slippery LIKE THE EEL. WE ARE!

## A Hot Time.



"What kept you so late this morning, Johnny?" "Ma mudder lost der lid of der stove, and I had to sit on it to keep der smoke from comin' in der room."

## Letters from the People.

**Lost—A Brooklyn Railway.** To the Editor of The Evening World: "Knowing that through the World's columns many a missing and lost article was restored, would kindly ask your assistance in returning to Metropolitan avenue two cars which have probably gone astray or have been snow bound somewhere between Brooklyn ferry and Newtown Creek Bridge. As there are only two cars on this line you will confer a great favor to the residents of Metropolitan avenue and vicinity by publishing this. We fear the worst has happened, and the residents of Williamsburg are contemplating dredging Newtown Creek for them. HERMAN SCHAMBERG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Chairs in Theatre Aisles.** To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there a law which prohibits the placing of chairs in the aisle of theatres, music halls, etc? My object in in-

quiring into this matter is, should there be such a law, why is it not enforced? I visited one of the theatres in Harlem Monday night and noticed after all the regular seats had been taken that chairs were placed in the aisles. Had there been the least bit of common sense there is no telling what a terrible catastrophe would have resulted from such criminal negligence. There was a policeman on duty (?) in the place. ISAAC J. PRIEST.

**A Is Right.** To the Editor of The Evening World: A claims an opera hat can be worn with a Tuxedo suit. B claims that only a soft hat or a derby is proper. ANX.

**Post-Office Building.** To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I obtain information regarding the National Civil Service examinations? M. E.

## Subway for Hers.



He—Nice weather overhead, isn't it? She—Yes, but I am not going that way.